

Be Fair to Baby

Give him the kind of body builder he requires

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Rich in the Rickets Preventing Vitamin D

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS-COME-TRUE

— BY — MARGARET FEEDER

Author of "The Splendid Folly," "The Hermit of the East," "Hedder & Houghton, Ltd., London."

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued

"Don't look so blue!" Claire's voice broke in upon her gloomy trend of thought. She was laughing, and Jean was conscious of a sudden uprush of admiration for the young girl's courage which could laugh even while it could not look forward. "After all, there are compensations in life. You're one of them, my Jean, as I've told you before! Now let's talk about something else."

Jean responded gladly enough, and presently Sir Adrian was temporarily forgotten in the little intimate half-hour of woman-talk which followed.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Anne's Disclosure

"Well, have you enjoyed yourself?" enquired Lady Anne when Jean returned. "I suppose so, as you stayed to tea"—smiling.

"Oh, I had tea with Claire. Sir Adrian was away"—with a small grimace—"so we had quite a nice little time together. But, yes, madonna!—Jean had fallen into the use of the gracious little name which Blaise and Nick kept for their mother—I really enjoyed myself very much. Judith was ever so much nicer than I expected."

"So now, I suppose, we shall all be side-tracked in favour of Burke and his sister?" put in Blaise, who had been listening quietly. There was a

sharpness in his tones, as though the prospect did not please. Jean smiled at him engagingly. "Of course you will," she replied. "I invariably side-track old friends when I get a chance."

"Oh, you'll get the chance right enough"—rather sulkily. "Yes, I think I shall," demurely. "Geoffrey has always been nice to me; and now Judith, too, has succumbed to my charms, and says she hopes we shall be good pals."

Tormarin rose, pushing back his chair with unnecessary violence. "I don't think I see Judith Craig extending her friendship to Glyn Peterson's daughter," he commented cynically.

An instant later the door banged behind him and Lady Anne and Jean looked across at each other smiling, as women will when one of their mankind proceeds to behave exactly like a cross little boy.

But a quick sigh chased the smile from Lady Anne's lips.

"Poor old Blaise!" she murmured, as though to herself. Then, her grey eyes meeting Jean's squarely, she said quietly:

"Jean, you're so much one of us now, that I should like you to know what lies at the back of things. You'd understand—some of us—better."

Jean turned impulsively. "I don't need to understand you," she said quickly. "I love you."

"Thank you, my dear!" Lady Anne's voice trembled slightly. "If I were not sure of that, I shouldn't tell you what I am going to. But I want you to understand Blaise—and to make allowances for him, if you can."

Jean pulled forward a stool and settled herself at Lady Anne's feet.

"Do you mean about the 'mark of the beast'?" she asked, smiling a little. "Blaise told me to ask you about it one day."

"Did he? He thinks far too much about it and what it stands for"—sighing. "It has come to be almost a symbol in his eyes. You see, he too has suffered from the family failing—the very failing that was responsible for that white lock of hair."

Lady Anne looked down at her thoughtfully.

"Well, there's no need for me to tell you that the Tormarins have hot tempers! You've seen evidences of it in Blaise—that sudden flaming up of anger. Though he has learnt through one most bitter experience to hold himself more or less in check." She paused a moment, as if her thoughts had reverted painfully to the past. Presently she resumed: "All the Tormarin men have had it—that blinding

uncontrollable kind of temper which simply cannot brook opposition. Blaise's father had it, and it was that which made our life together so unhappy."

"So Destiny had been busy with her snuffers here, also!"

"Yes, you, too," whispered Jean. "I, too?" Lady Anne questioned.

"What does that mean?"

"Why, it seems to me as if 'no one' is ever allowed to be really happy and to live their life in peace! There is Judith whose life my father spoilt, and Claire, whose life Sir Adrian spoils—and that means Nick's life as well. And now—me!"

Some unconscious instinct of reticence deep within her forbade the mention of Blaise Tormarin's name.

"I expect we are not meant to be too joyful," said Lady Anne. "Though, after all, it's largely our own fault if we are not. We make or mar each other's happiness; it isn't Fate. . . . But I've had my share of happiness. Jean—never think that I haven't. Afterwards, with Claude, I was utterly happy."

She fell silent for a space, ceasing on that quiet note of happiness. Presently, almost loth to disturb the reverie into which she had fallen, Jean questioned hesitantly:

"And the 'mark of the beast,' madonna? You were going to tell me about it."

"It came as a consequence of the Tormarin temper. That's why Blaise calls it the 'mark of the beast.' It was just before he was born—when I was waiting for the supreme joy of holding my first-born in my arms. Derrick—Blaise's father—was an extremely jealous-natured man. He hated to think that there had ever been anyone besides himself who cared for me. And there was one man, in particular, of whom he had always been foolishly jealous and suspicious. I can't imagine why, though."

"With a little nasal laugh. "You would think that the mere fact that I had married him, and not the other man, would have been sufficient proof that he had no cause for jealousy. But no! Men are queer creatures and always resented my friendship with John Lovett—which continued after my marriage. I had known John from childhood, and he was the truest friend a woman ever had!" She sighed. "And I needed friends in those days. For somehow brooding over things to himself, my husband conceived an idea that the little son who was coming was not his own child—but the child of John Lovett. I think someone must have poisoned his mind. There was a certain woman of our acquaintance whom I always suspected; she hated me and was very much attached to Derrick she had wanted to marry him, I believe. In any case, he came home one evening from her house like a madman, and there was a scene . . . a terrible scene . . . he hurled accusations at me. . . ."

"I don't talk of it, because he was bitterly repentant afterwards. As soon as the fit of rage was past, he realized how utterly groundless his suspicions had been, and I don't think he ever ceased to reproach himself. But that has always been the way! The Tormarins have invariably brought the blindest self-reproach upon themselves. One way or another, the same story of blind, reckless anger, and its consequences, has repeated itself generation after generation."

"And then? What happened then?" asked Jean in low, shocked tones. "I was very ill—so ill that they thought I should not live. But I did live, and I brought my baby into the world. Only he was born with that white lock of hair. And my own hair had turned perfectly white."

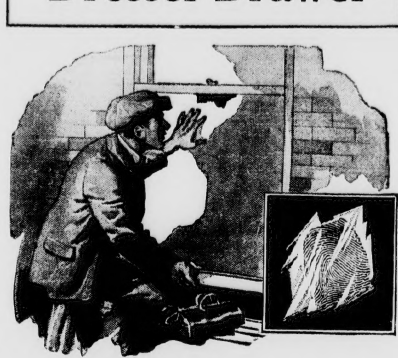
Jean was silent for a little. At last she said softly: "I'm so glad, madonna, that you were happy afterwards. 'Your house or dreams came true in the end!'"

"Yes," Lady Anne's grey eyes were very bright and luminous. "My house of dreams came true!"

After a while, she went on quietly: "But my poor Blaise's house of dreams fell in ruins. The foundation was rotten. You know, didn't you that there was a woman he once cared for?"

Jean nodded. Speech was difficult to her just at that moment. "It was a miserable business altogether. The girl, Nesta Freyne, was an Italian. Blaise met her when he was travelling in Italy, and—oh, well, it wasn't love! Not love as I know it,

"I Robbed Your Dresser Drawer"



"This My Signature"

A certain city had an epidemic of house robberies in daytime. The robbers would ring doorbells and if anyone answered, they would make some excuse and depart. But, if no one answered, they would break in through a window or a skylight. One such

robber left his finger print on a broken piece of glass. The police had that print on file. They knew the robber, his gang and their records. The crooks were all picked up and convicted.

All because one of them had left his finger print.

Germs in Every Print

This is told to remind you that we all leave finger prints on everything we touch. Most of these prints are germs. We pick them up from others—by handshakes—by touching things they have touched. Then we convey them to the mouth, where they breed and so get into the system.

Life Extension Institute lists 27 diseases which may be conveyed in this way. The most common is a cold. A hand used to check a sneeze or a cough may convey germs to others.

We cannot escape these germs. Every handshake, every touch conveys them. The best we can do is to remove the germs or render them harmless before they reach our food.

Safety This Way

Lifebuoy Soap is made to do this. Millions of people, in all countries of the world, protect themselves in this way. Lifebuoy contains an antiseptic. Careful laboratory tests have proved that Lifebuoy removes germs or makes them inactive.

Wash your hands with Lifebuoy often. Do this always before eating. Teach the children this habit for safety's sake.

Stops Body Odour, Too

Lifebuoy is a beauty soap, made from two palm oils. No soap is better for your skin and complexion. Yet it offers you protection against germs every time you use it.

Also against body odour. Lifebuoy's creamy, abundant lather penetrates deep into the pores, cleansing them of the impurities that cause unpleasant odours. A bath with Lifebuoy, before you go on a party or before you start the day's work, insures you against body odour for many hours.

You will learn to love Lifebuoy's extra-deep scent of safety, which disappears in a few minutes, but tells you it's parties—and protects.

Keep Lifebuoy handy on your wash basin and bath so all the family can use it. Your dealer has Lifebuoy for you. Why not adopt it today?

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Stops Body Odour

Lifebuoy

Health Soap

A Luxury Soap Plus an Antiseptic

Little Helps For This Week

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path!" Psalm xxxiv, 11.

All is uncertainty. Yet over all One guideth steadily. Great things and small. What will the issue be?—God guideth all.

James Freeman Clarke. There is no authority short of God. Look up to Him, expect His teachings. And though clouds of uncertainty may come, never let them make you turn your eye away in discouragement, or think that on the earth you can find that guidance which is not a thing of earth, but which must come to us from heaven.

— Phillips Brooks.

Here, Monmouth, has launched a part-expansion program.

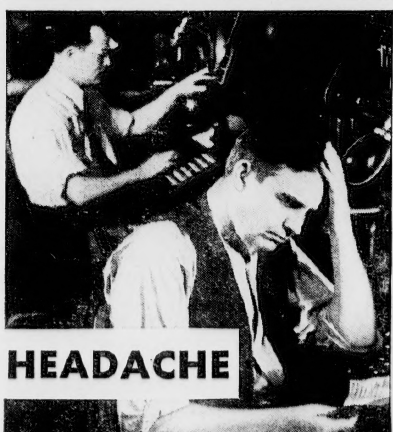
Sorry To See Night Coming She Could Not Sleep

Mrs. K. McElroy, Kirkfield, Ont., writes: "I was very nervous and ran down, was short of breath, and had soothing feelings, and was sorry to see night coming as I could not lie down or go to sleep."

I was advised to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took seven boxes and was completely relieved; can sleep fine all night, and have gained in weight."

Sold at all drug and general stores, or mailed direct on receipt of note by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

W. N. U. 1033



HEADACHE

Nerves on edge. A head that throbs. You can't stop work, but you can stop the pain—in a hurry. Aspirin will do it every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and you're soon comfortable. There's nothing halfway about the action of Aspirin. You will always get complete relief when you take these tablets.

These tablets should be in every shop, office, and home. Ready to relieve any sudden ache or pain, from a grinding tooth to lumbago. Don't suffer with that neuralgia,

neuritis, rheumatism, etc.; or lose any time because of colds or sore throat. Get some Aspirin and just follow these proven directions for instant relief.

Aspirin tablets cost very little, especially if you buy them by the bottle. Any doctor will tell you they are harmless. They don't hurt the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them as often as you have the least need of their quick comfort. Take them enough for complete results. On sale at drug stores everywhere. Made in Canada.



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Mr. FARMER!!

We Are Now carrying a Full Line of
CHARCOAL, CALF-MEAL, TANKAGE,
MEAT SCRAP, BONE MEAL,
CHICKEN FEED, Etc.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HIDES
AND HORSE HAIR

City Meat Market

Phone 127

J. Kirby

Notice to Horse Breeders!

"VIMY 11527."

Black Percheron Stallion will travel in the Didsbury district this season. Weight 2,350 Lbs. Prizewinner at the 1932 Calgary Spring Show. Grandson of the noted "CARNOT 66666," Grand Champion at the Chicago International, 1909. Owner, R. S. Edwards, Ardmore, Alberta. For further particulars phone Dr. F. A. McEwan, RG16, DIDSBURY.

Just Arrived!

New Spring Order of Parts for
ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS.

Also Assorted Stock for Other Popular
Makes.

GIVE US A CALL FOR PRICES ON ANY
WORK OR PARTS.

ADSHEAD GARAGE

Chevrolet and Oldsmobile Dealers

Notice.

The ANNUAL MEETING of the DIDSBURY LIVESTOCK
Pool will be held on FRIDAY, MAY 6TH at 2 P.M.
in the Old UNITED CHURCH BUILDING. All mem-
bers are requested to be present.

Quality Meats!

CHOICE HOME KILLED MEATS
ALWAYS ON HAND

FRESH FISH DIRECT FROM COAST
EVERY THURSDAY.

Halibut, Salmon, Cod, and Smelt.

Premier Meat Market

C. J. Wrightson, Phone 42, DIDSBURY

WEEKLY SERMONETTE

"Kind looks, kind words, kind
acts and warm handshakes—these
are a secondary means of grace when
men are in trouble and fighting their
unseen battles."

WEEKLY JOKE

"Mamma, is papa goin' to die
an' go to heaven?"
"Why, Bubby, what put such an
absurd idea into your head?"

LOCAL & GENERAL

Mr. E. G. Frost, of Calgary will
occupy the pulpit at the Knox
United Church on Sunday.

Members of the Didsbury U.F.A.
Local will meet with Burnside and
East Didsbury at the Community
Hall next Monday evening, Apr. 25.

The sermon subject at St. Cyprian's
Anglican Church on Sunday
evening at 7.30 will be "St. George
and the Modern World."

Mrs. Troyer, who has been confined
to her bed for the past week
is improving. Her niece, Miss
Ruth Johnston has been caring for
her.

Mountain View Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Coates are
receiving congratulations on the
birth of a son at the Didsbury Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Rae Armstrong and
Mr. H. Armstrong, of Oids were
visitors at the B. A. Atkinson home
on Sunday.

A farmer of the district had the
misfortune to burn his feed while
burning his stubble, owing to a
change in the direction of the wind.

Seeding operations are in full
swing, and teams are seen every-
where, with an occasional tractor
here and there. All are looking for
a good yield.

Springside Notes.

Ethel is sure piling up the miles
on that Chev.

Mr. and Mrs. Erven Rodney visited
Mrs. Kershaw on Sunday.

Tom Collinge is the proud father
of another baby girl. Congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Morter, of
Calgary, visited the latter's parents,
Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton, over
the week-end.

The reporter is better this week.
He had an attack of "Nonewitsis,"
we couldn't find the Greek word for
it, so read it as it goes.

"BUY IN DIDSBURY"

Burnside Notes.

Mr. Charles Marden, Sr. is taking
treatment in Belcher Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Welch and
family, of Calgary, spent Sunday
with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Thompson.

Mr. George Metz, and son Harold
and Mrs. Charles Marden, spent the
week-end in Calgary with friends.

The Misses Winnie Spraggs, and
Helen Pross, were Sunday dinner
visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Bert
Pross.

Mr. A. A. Jenkins has been laid
up with an attack of flu and Mr.
Ralph Long, with an ulcerated
tooth.

The Lone Pine W.L. meeting for
April has been dropped because of
seeding and the next meeting will
be on May 12th.

Kings in Audience Not New Experience for Arliss

Playing before a king, as George
Arliss does in "The Man Who
Played God," which shows at the
Didsbury Opera House, Thursday
next, his latest Warner Brothers
picture, is not a new experience for
this actor. Arliss has played stage
roles with King George V of Eng-
land in the audience and he needed
no expert to advise him on the for-
malities and general atmosphere of
such a scene.

Mr. Arliss played few of his best-
known stage roles in England. It
is only since his talking-pictures
have been shown in his homeland
that the name of Arliss has become
as famous there as in America.
However, he did play "The Green
Gods" in London for an entire
year and King George was the most
famous of many distinguished per-
sonages in his audiences.

Annual Meeting Of Didsbury Tennis Club

The Didsbury Tennis Club held
its first meeting of the 1932 season
on April 15th at C. E. Reiber's
office. An election of officers result-
ed as follows: President, R. Eu-
bank; Vice-President, L. Frey;
Secretary-Treasurer, A. W. Reiber;
Grounds Committe: R. Berscht,
A. Meaton, J. Boorman, O. Philip-
son.

The fees were set at: Gentlemen
\$3.00; Ladies \$2.00; High School
Students \$1.00, with the stipulation
that they be allowed to play only
until 6.00 p.m. each day. It was
decided that there were to be no con-
cessions of any kind.

Mr. J. Boorman moved a vote of
thanks to last year's executive and
grounds committee for the efficient
manner in which the club was run.

The business of repairing the
courts was discussed, after which
the meeting adjourned.

Joint Meeting Of Young People's Groups

On Wednesday evening last a
joint meeting of the two C.G.T.
groups and the Tuxis boys group
was held in the old United Church
building. The regular program of
the groups was followed in which
time was spent on the devotional,
the business and the social sides of
the group work.

The topic for the devotional period
was "What shall we do on Sunday?"
Bible readings were given by Dor-
othy Ranton and Murray Kendrick,
Lorna Clarke and Iona Boyd each
gave a short talk on what they
considered was the right use of
Sunday. This was followed by a
general discussion on the subject.

A short business period was held
during which it was decided to hold
another joint meeting soon.

Relays, group games and a volley-
ball game completed a very enjoyable
and profitable evening.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

BRAEMAR LODGE, Calgary—
Under the new management of
Mrs. C. V. Dacre, offers attractive
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moderate prices. Good cuisine.
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FOR SALE—Reward Wheat and
Victory Oats. Apply:

LEVI SIEBERT,
Phone 610
Carstairs.

FOR SALE—Two Jersey Bull-
calves or will trade for oats. Also a
Kari-Keen with attachment for Ford
car. Apply:

S. TIGHE,
Didsbury.

FOR TRADE—Will trade good
seed potatoes for calves or anything.
Inquire:

PIONEER OFFICE.

FOR SALE—Potatoes for sale at
20 cents per bushel. Apply:

E. K. PRATT,
Phone RG10.

FOR SALE—3 Fresh Cows for
sale. Also one Rugby Truck. All
in good condition. Apply:

J. V. BERSCHT.

FOR SALE—Brunswick Cabinet
Gramophone. Good as new, with
40 of the best records. All for less
than the price of the records.

BOX No. 6,
Didsbury.

Arliss knows what tension, excite-
ment and drama is involved in such
an event. He has profited by this
experience in planning the "king"
sequence in "The Man who Played
God."
Violet Heming, who played with
Arliss in some of his best-known
stage productions, Bette Davis, in-
teresting new ingenue, Louise Clo-
ser Hale and Ivan Simpson are in
the cast of the new Arliss picture.
Andre Languet plays "king" John
Adolf directed.

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Real Values \$1.50 Yd.

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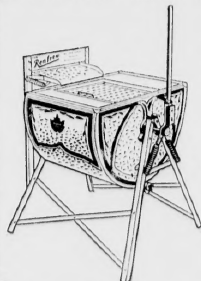
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\$22.50
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